

Suck

WEEK ENDING MARCH 13, 1915
PRICE TEN CENTS



IDOLS

PAINTED BY LOU MAYER



MASCULINE LOGIC

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"WHAT FOOLS THESE MORTALS BE!"

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The Tempest in Puck's Teapot Bubbles Merrily On

Guck appears to have raised a rumpus among a considerable circle of well-meaning folks of varying shades of opinion. In our impotence, we can only print their letters side by side, with the animadversion that periodicals minus pep never create much consternation one way or the other. At least, *Guck* seems to have pep. Here goes:

Buffalo, N. Y.

Dear PUCK:

I say dear as I honestly think it high priced even at 1c. per copy under present management.

In reading some of the criticisms from your former subscribers I feel constrained to add my "bit," as I think some of your cartoons, especially those from Goldberg and Barton, are the silliest, stupidist & most senseless matter the reading public could have put before them. The Goldberg HASH we get so often in the daily press that some of my friends (also readers of your weekly) are more than surprised that you have the *Gall & nerve* to put that crazy stuff in your paper. As a reader of nearly all the weekly cartoon papers I think Puck has no standing with them in any way and has "gone back" since the new ownership.

To me it lacks the snap & sharp outlining of current matters, that stood out boldly & impressed & pleased the reader both in literature & Prints & was decidedly refreshing in every way. Wake up on your cartoons & brace up enough to "cut" your brainless comments.

Respy,

HENRY M. TRACY.

Galveston, Texas.

Dear PUCK:

I have been a news-stand reader of PUCK for a long time, and wish to express to you my appreciation of the excellent line of Wit, Wisdom and Beauty you have been dealing out for a dime.

In a recent issue I noticed some "Caustic Comments" from a few of your readers, and they were very interesting and amusing. It is very evident that the many good things in PUCK either go over their heads, or they are people of such gigantic mental power and intellectual attainments that the stuff in PUCK does not appeal to them. However, I am proud to be among the many thousands of ordinary mortals who get entertainment from the humor and satire in PUCK, and also the news in a condensed and very interesting form. Of course, some issues are better than others, but I have never seen one that wasn't worth every copper in a dime, and have many copies at home now that I would not take several dimes for if I could not duplicate them. In fact there are many features that are separately worth the price. I honestly believe you have the best magazine in America at any price, not only in the humorous line but in every way.

ANDREW J. NEWTON.

Some weeks ago, *Guck* printed a stormy protest from Mr. H. E. Dodge, general secretary of the Fall River (Mass.) Y. M. C. A., in which our efforts were characterized as being "as rotten as hell itself." Here's Mr. Dodge's latest:

GENTLEMEN:

By referring to your files you will note that on December 9th, 1914, I wrote you a letter with reference to the fact that we had decided, for the reasons given in the letter, to discontinue having your paper on our reading room table. For some reason or other, you have been sending your paper each week since then, therefore, we are asking you to cease doing so at once.

In our letter to you of December 9th, we made the accusation that your paper was not "clean", and gave our reasons for such a statement. We noticed that in a later edition, you printed our letter, *except the last paragraph*. In refusing to print this last paragraph in addition to the statement we made that your paper was "unclean" in some of the pictures presented, we "NOW" accuse you of unfair and illegitimate business methods.

You, nor any other paper, have any right to publish a letter, over a man's signature, without publishing the *entire letter*, unless you make the statement that you have left out certain portions of the letter, and you have no moral right to do that without the writer's consent. The last paragraph was the one that had the "punch" in it, and which by printing would have left a far different impression on your readers. By refusing to print this paragraph, you demonstrate that the moral standards of your business management are as "low and cheap" as your "picture" standards.

Why don't you act the part of real men, and play the game in a straight-forward, business-like way, instead of adopting such low-down methods as you have in handling our letter of December 9th?

Yours very truly
H. E. DODGE

General Secretary.

We humbly apologize for this grievous oversight, and we hasten to print the final paragraph of Mr. Dodge's first epistle—the paragraph with the "punch" in it:

Keep your paper clean, and while you may corral less dollars, you will have more manhood to your credit.

And, as "Billy" Sunday might say, there you are.

It certainly did! Could any paper issue a Suffrage Number and not stir up the "antis?" And yet, up to date, *Guck* has received just *one* note of protest. On the other hand, virtually ever State in the Union has contributed its quota of enthusiastic letters from supporters of the "cause." As one of *Guck*'s contemporaries put it, "you have done a big thing—the liveliest publishing 'stunt' of the year."

New York City.

Dear Old PUCK:

I've laughed "with" you for so many years that it is a new sensation to laugh "at" you! Yet that is what your "Woman Suffrage Number" made the majority of your readers do. People and publications which lose their balance and slip on a yellow banana peel always divert the onlookers. That, dear old PUCK, is what you did last week. You slipped on the yellow banana peel of woman suffrage, mistaking a minority demand for the wishes of the majority of women. So you lost your sense of proportion and your balance simultaneously. Here's hoping you will awaken to the point of view which is the popular one before election morning so you can be in at the finish on the winning side—our side.

MARJORIE DORMAN.

Washington, D. C.

We have seen the "Woman Suffrage Number" of PUCK and are delighted with it. You are surely to be congratulated upon it, and suffragists no less.

ANTOINETTE FUNK.

Lawrence, Kansas.

It is highly gratifying to know that so widely read a paper as PUCK is giving its influence in this wholehearted manner to the cause of equal suffrage.

GENEVIEVE H. CHALKLEY.

Columbia, Mo.

All the suffragists appreciate the help you are giving the cause by this special number and we shall all do what we can to make the distribution as wide as possible.

HELEN GUTHRIE MILLER.

From the brilliant and discriminating "Optimist" of the Philadelphia *North American* we receive the following note in praise of Mrs. Smith-Dayton's epic of the boarding-house:

Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear PUCK:

Some of your recent numbers have been great. Mrs. Canary's is the humanest laugh-rouser since Huckleberry Finn. It is a work of art.

LEIGH MITCHELL HODGES.

Next Week's Cover

"Shure, a prettier colleen you niver laid eyes upon! 'Tis next week comes St. Patrick's Day, and the kiver of *Guck* bears the face and form of as handsome a lass as ivir left the auld sod." No true son of Erin can gaze upon "The Shamrock Girl" who smiles from next week's *Guck* without experiencing a quickening of the heart toward the folks back on the Emerald Isle. It is the kind of cover that would twang the chords of the ancient harp of Tara's halls. If you would be certain of receiving next week's *Guck*, fill in the blank on page 16, and your trial subscription will start with the coming number.

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Two Notable Color-Pages

Two unusual color-pages, in addition to the cover, as usual characterize this week's issue of *Guck*. Dudovich, of Munich, is a new artist to *Guck*'s pages. He is a foremost contributor to *Jugend* and *Simplicissimus*, of Munich. F. Matania, famous in London as a society illustrator, has in this issue of *Guck* a painting that catches the spirit of the London season with startling fidelity. The cool, gray light of dawn of a Spring morning in London, as contrasted with the glow from the interior of the house is portrayed with the touch of a really great master. In truth, this scene by Matania is a color-page worthy of *Guck*.

Subscriptions: PUCK is mailed weekly to subscribers in the United States and possessions at \$5.00 per year, or \$2.50 for six months. Canadian subscriptions, \$6.00 per year, \$3.00 for six months. To all other foreign countries, \$6.50 per year, \$3.25 for six months. Your address will be changed as often as desired, but it is important to change address to give old address as well as new.

Manuscripts: PUCK will use its best care with MSS., but cannot be held responsible for their loss. Contributions sent by mail should be accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelope or wrapper, otherwise they cannot be returned if unavailable. Decision will be rendered promptly, and payment made immediately upon acceptance. Send your contributions to PUCK before sending them elsewhere.

News-stands: PUCK is on sale every Monday on all trains, in railway stations, hotels, and by all responsible newsdealers at ten cents a copy. It is on sale in Europe at the various branches of the International News Co., and the Atlas Publishing & Distributing Co.; Brentano's, Paris; Wm. Dawson & Sons and W. H. Smith & Sons, London; Hachette et Cie, Paris, and Basile, Lausanne and Geneva, Switzerland.



GRINIGRAMS

At Rheims, schools have been improvised in champagne cellars. A good many American college men may decide to finish their education abroad.

Says George W. Perkins, "I regard it a duty and a privilege to remain a Progressive." But George carefully refrains from calling it a pleasure.

Statistics show that from 1496 B. C. to 1861 A. D. there were 227 years of peace and 3,130 years of war.

—Gloom item.

The dealer in war munitions thinks with a groan of those 227 perfectly good years. What a colossal waste of time!

A very select St. Louis tea-room has ultimatumed against the presence of woman suffragists. This is not the first time that tea has figured in a fight for political liberty.

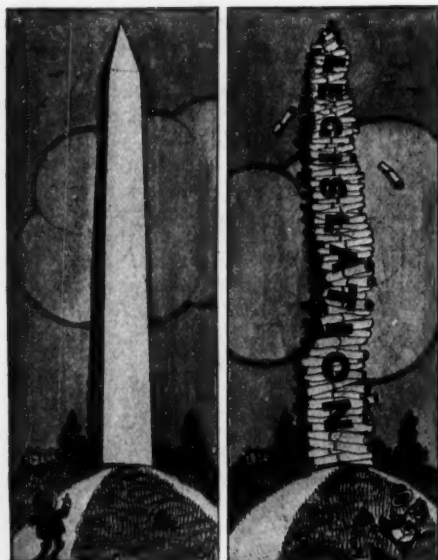
"The cousinly feeling that most of the British naturally have toward us makes their public opinion the more sensitive to our attitude."

—A returned Diplomat.

"Cousinly feeling" is commendably conservative. It is a wonder peace-lovers everywhere have not hit upon the slogan, "All men are cousins." It would be almost as reassuring, we think, as "All men are brothers-in-law."

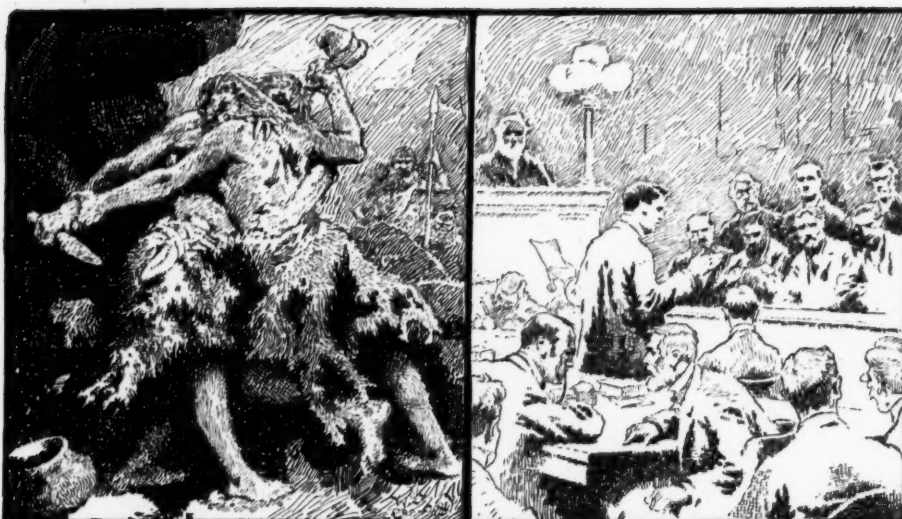
Like problems? Try this one. What the *Merrimac* was to the old wooden frigate, the submarine is to the modern steel dreadnought. But the *Merrimac* had its *Monitor*. What will the submarine have? You solve it.

(1) America has no merchant marine. (2) The American merchant marine is threatened with disaster by Germany's war zone edict. Where does a poor ignorant mortal get off?



WASHINGTON MONUMENTS

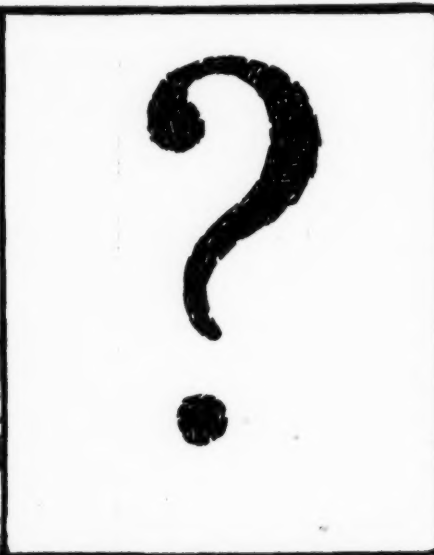
TWO—COUNT THEM!—TWO



Progress of Mankind in Settling Individual Differences



Progress of Mankind in Settling International Differences



Somebody, perhaps, may connect the increased price of bread and the costliness of an investment in Federal League Baseball.

"My husband does not know the difference between a platonic friendship and an immoral friendship."

—An innocent bystander.

Husbands are singularly obtuse on such matters. Somebody should start a school for them, with Ferdinand Pinney Earle as Dean of the Faculty.

Germany's supply of hogs is unusually great this year.

—Berlin despatch.

Referred to London and Paris papers for snappy editorial comment.

All the glycerine in Vienna has been used up in the manufacture of explosives. Add to list of war victims, Austrians with chapped hands or lips.

Wakes up mother of twins.

—Sun headline.

An impressive argument for insomnia.

Hereafter, so the Health Department decrees, dogs may not be taken into stores where food is on display. This is serious business for the butcher. It may lead to a dog-meat boycott.

To the surprise of all New Yorkers, the establishment of Germany's war zone on February 18th, did not tie up the Subway.

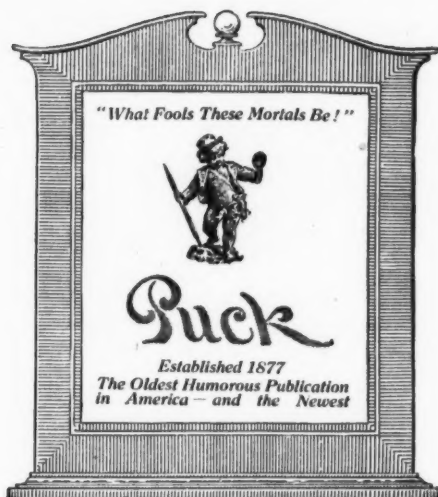
The Kaiser's joy over victory in East Prussia was tempered by "the sight of once-flourishing regions, long weeks in the enemy's hands." The Russians, it seems, "in senseless fury, destroyed almost the last house and burned the last barn." Possibly Russian arms found a precedent in Louvain.

Anna Held opened the bar and dispensed a special cocktail to which she had given her name.

—Paris charity item.

Is there no actor equally willing to sacrifice himself? No actor who, properly approached, would consent to the use of his name on a cigar label, for instance? Dragging stage people from their cloister-like seclusion is coarse work. The thing should be done by persuasion, not by force.

A Brooklyn Rapid Transit official discourses expertly on the number of persons who may "stand comfortably" in a trolley car. The number is necessarily limited, but a removal of all seats, as in a cattle car, would increase it materially. Uneasy rests the B. R. T. head while a single Brooklynite is "uncomfortable."



VOL. LXXVII. No. 1984. WEEK ENDING MAR. 13, 1915

POISONOUS PILLS FOR POOR PEOPLE

Long ago, the patent-medicine fakir and his poisonous wares were barred from the advertising columns of *Ruck*, so that what we are about to say is in no sense an endeavor to fit a home-made halo upon our editorial brow.

But in every ramification of the present nation-wide crusade against nostrums, one fact finds emphasis above all others; the unshirkable responsibility of the newspaper proprietor who rents out his columns to this nefarious crew.

Deny the medical charlatan the privilege of advertising his drug-laden trash, and he will vanish over night; for an attempt to cover the same ground by any other means of exploitation would be profitless. The magazines, with the exception of the religious press, closed their pages to this class of advertising some years ago. Responsible druggists are either refusing to handle fake "remedies" or are warning their customers against their use. The sole bulwark that remains between the fakir and a well-earned extinction is the publisher who still stultifies his periodical by running "medical" advertisements.

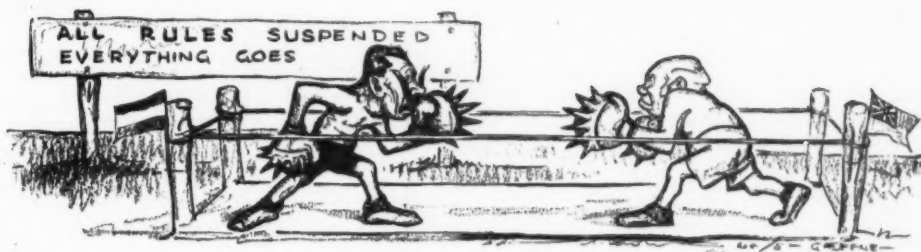
In many minds there has been a hesitancy as to where the line might be drawn, although we can see no reason for the existence of such doubt in the light of the damning indictments now being handed down.

One fakir shakes up a mixture of prune-juice and alcohol and labels it a blood-tonic. Another feeds a baby in the cradle "soothing syrup" consisting largely of opium, and thus instills at a tender age a craving for drugs that in later years is to fill our jails and asylums. Old Doctor Pompadour rolls a little bottle full of pills of pulverized sugar and sells this table necessity to us at the rate of \$5.00 a pound. The first two instances are criminal, and constitute a scandal; but the homeopathic dose can do neither harm nor good, and its past success merely emphasized the large percentage of the gullible, who pour their hard-earned money into such quackery. It has always seemed to us that the army of jackasses who invested in plain, old-fashioned sugar at an advance of 5,000% should be obliged to parade about the extensive grounds of a certain Philadelphia suburban palace on all fours, as a public acknowledgment of their credulity.

Insofar as the patent medicine evil affects the poor and the ignorant, it is a national menace. Some \$50,000,000 a year is taken from the

Ruck

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poorer classes for concoctions of less therapeutic value than the water drawn from their kitchen faucets. Every cent of this rolls into the coffers of the patent medicine gentry through the connivance of the newspaper proprietor who prints their lying announcements. The grim irony of the entire proceeding is that the publisher gets but a pittance as his share of the partnership; if he but knew it, he could multiply his "medical" rate by ten and still carry the advertising. The man who is selling dope to the public cannot get along without the newspaper; and the newspaper seems never to have been sufficiently alert to grasp this fact, and to realize on it to the extent of making the medicine man whack up royalty as the price of prostituting news columns.

However, when we come to the effect of the patent medicine industry upon the supposedly

intelligent and well-to-do, the whole question becomes a farce. Men and women of mature reasoning power who hope to find a panacea for all pain in a vial of pink pellets have small claim to our sympathies.

The public is showing a keener interest in the patent medicine evil every day. It is fast learning to beware of "remedies" that kill rather than cure. The newspaper publisher who has been exploiting his readers for the plucking of patent medicine fakirs may wake up some fine morning to find that he has no more readers to exploit. A patent medicine advertisement in a newspaper is an assumption on the part of the publisher that his readers are idiots, and sooner or later such an assumption will cause a marked increase in the circulation of some competing newspaper that no longer carries vicious and fraudulent "copy."



Throwing the Same Old Scare



The Decadence of Capstick



By KEBLE HOWARD, of London

Illustrated by NELSON GREENE

Everybody in our neighborhood is talking about Capstick. He has suddenly become as important as the War. In a way, he represents for us the darker side of warfare.

Miss Nipchin was the first to get on to it. (It was at one time thought that she would become Mrs. Capstick, but he slipped through her fingers at the Ancient Foresters' Ball. Of that, more anon.)

Miss Nipchin stopped me opposite the church one day and said: "Can you tell me whether

Mr. Capstick has suffered any very bitter loss since the war began?"

"I expect his dividends——" I ventured, but she swept the suggestion aside with a superb gesture.

"That would not account for it. He is not a man of that sort. Whatever his weaknesses, poor fellow, a mere money loss would not work this terrible change in him."

Alarmed, I gently drew her out of the way of a butcher's cart, and begged her to continue.

"Perhaps you haven't seen him lately. I can quite understand that. He goes nowhere except to church. Would you believe me if I told you that the poor fellow has aged ten years since the war began?"

"You, yes, but nobody else."

"Thank you. You can't be too careful in these days—and in this place. But it's quite

true. Everybody will be talking about it in a day or two."

"I'm sure they will."

"If the change had been gradual, one could have understood it. Indeed, I have been expecting it ever since—well, never mind. But it's so awfully sudden. A month ago he would have passed for twenty-eight or thirty, amongst strangers. In church last Sunday, especially during the Litany, when even I could see the top of his head, forty-five. Not a day less!"

"Bald?"

"As a coot."

"Heavens!"

"Precisely. Don't mention it to a soul."

"I won't."

"Except to get information."

"Quite so."

The little spinster tripped upon her sunlit way. A week later I met her coming out of the reading-room.

"Have you heard the very latest?" she whispered.

"I shouldn't think so."

"His face has fallen in."

"Not right in?"

"Yes! Well, you know what I mean. All sunken. Isn't it awful?"

"Starving, perhaps?"

"Oh, no. Heslop tells me (Heslop is the butcher) that her orders are much the same as usual."

"Then I can't account for it."

"Can't you? I can. *Teeth*."

"But if Heslop says——"

"Not a bit. Stews!"

"This is too much."

"You ought to call."

"Before anything else goes?"

"Don't make me cry in the street." She left me hurriedly, dabbing at her eyes with a handkerchief. She had spotted the Rector, and just caught him on his doorstep.

A night or two later, as luck would have it, I met Capstick slinking home from the station and avoiding the gas-lamps. He tried to elude me, but I have a big heart.

"Why, old man," I said, "where have you been all these days?"

"Goo'night," he mumbled, but I had him by the arm. He shied like a one-year-old at the entrance to the club, but at last I got him into my study and mixed two drinks. I wanted one if he didn't.

"Is it as bad as that?" he asked, pitifully, noting my pallor.

"Oh, dear, no. It's hardly noticeable."

"What?" He shot up from his chair. I never saw a man so agitated.

"All right, all right," I said, soothingly. "If you want it to be noticeable, it is. How could I know?"

And then he told me.

"When this war broke out," he began, "I was one of the smartest and youngest-looking men in the place. You can't deny it."

I couldn't. "You were the marvel and envy of us all," I admitted.

(Continued on page 18)



"In the train two women attacked me."



RATIO AND PROPORTION

THE YELLOW BOOK

(Tyree Version of that Clan's Feud with the Coltranes)

By "Black Anse" Tyree

MONDAY, 8 p.m.—Comin' home from school this evenin' Bill Tom Coltrane slapped little Jeb's face and Young Anse kicked Bill Tom. Ma says that seein' as how there's goin' ter be trouble likely, I oughter keep a record kinder like them furrin nations which is now warrin'.

TUESDAY, 9 a.m.—A Coltrane hawg was eatin' o' my cawn this mornin'. Shot him an' dragged him over onto Coltrane side.

WEDNESDAY, 8 a.m.—During the night, which was moonlight, a Coltrane bullet smashed a jug o' "white cawn" whiskey which Young Anse had careless-like left settin' on a bench outside the door.

WEDNESDAY, 9.30 a.m.—Took a pot shot from th' laurel at Jeff Coltrane as he was fordin' th' crick. Missed! Sent Young Anse to town for new sights for the old rifle-gun.

TUESDAY, 11 a.m.—Young Anse back from town with new sights. Th' gun works fine. Sent him out to notify all members of th' clan of trouble brewin'.

TUESDAY, 3.30 p.m.—Lafe Coltrane has just shot my best dog. Here is where Yellow Books leave off and history begins.

IN NEW FIELDS

RANKIN: I wonder why we don't hear Lincoln anecdotes any more?

PHYLE: I suppose it is because their originators are devoting their attention to new Ford stories.

Woman has progressed. The ancient Eve was only Adam's rib, while to-day many an Eve is her Adam's right hand.

Warning to Bachelors: You can never find one who really looks like the lingerie advertisements.

THE MAN OF THE HOUR

Ever open to suggestion, the heads of the great city railroad invited the Efficiency Expert to look over the system. First they took a peep at the Subway in Rush Hour.

"Always room for one more," chuckled the President, good-humoredly.

"Pardon me," said the Efficiency Expert, firmly; "you are correct in theory but you stop too soon. There is always room for TWO more."

Whereupon they engaged him at a fabulous salary and fitted up his offices with rosewood furniture.

BRICKTOP ARRIVES

WANTED.—Man for handling crew managers in house-to-house work. Not over thirty; preferably red hair. Good salary.—Advertisement.

The years are many; the years are long; but the bricktop was bound to come into his own. Privately we have known, all along, that the red-haired ones had peculiar merit. Now comes public acknowledgment of the truth. This advertiser knows his biz. Scores of bricktops will answer his appeal, and he will pick the reddest red. If the owner is freckled, which will be likely, so much the better.

The redhead has had sorrows enough, heaven knows. It is high time he should be appreciated. Matches have been facetiously held in contact with his fiery poll. Hands have been warmed at it in lamentable jest. It used to be the custom, when a bricktop hove in sight, to inquire for "the white horse." Just what this juxtaposition signified appeareth not. Every urchin endowed with blonde or brunette hair felt it a solemn duty to hurl anathemas or bricks at the boy with the burning top. The next thing was to run like sixty, because of the well known fact that the bricktop invariably has a swift and sure punch.

The bricktop can lick anything his weight and size, and nearly anything regardless. He never grows old; he never loses his hair. Nature gave it to him in perpetuity, and gave him the necessary courage to appear in public with it. If you have a message to Garcia, hand it to the rufus. If Garcia lives, he will get the message; and he will have a pencil ready to take the return message down. There are no red-headed persons in the insane asylums, and very few in the penitentiaries; and those who are in jail are usually of a pale, inferior red.

The average bricktop is so homely that beautiful ladies fall in love with him, and would marry him even if the penalty were to have little ones with red hair. And one last glory hath the bricktop: he is the only man that can wear a swallow-tail outfit without running some chance of being mistaken for the waiter. For a red-haired servant is an unthinkable thing.



KEEPING A COOK IN THE COUNTRY

FLOOD VICTIM (placidly): I guess you'll stay with us a while now, Nora.



PAINTED BY M. DUDOVICH, OF MUNICH

EFFECTIVE EITHER WAY

"Mrs. Highflier and her daughter attracted a great deal of attention to-night, didn't they?"
 "Yes. One wore one hundred per cent of her wardrobe and the other wore one per cent."

SHY ON THE SPEED

MOTHER (*to son who has been fighting*): Haven't I told you time and again to keep away from that rough Mixer boy?

SON: Yes; but you didn't buy me no bicycle!

The Eternal Triangle.—One obtuse and two acute angles.

VINDICATION

FIRST TRAMP: So Waggles is a college man? And what good does that do him?

SECOND TRAMP: All kinds o' good. He scares off lots of dogs, by giving the college yell!

Some day we shall discover that Glory is only another of these unnecessary noises.

SERIAL STUFF

MOVING-PICTURE ACTOR: Well, old top, how's the double blessedness progressing?

DIRECTOR (*recently married*): We're still in episode number one!

Antimilitarist.—A person who takes the teaching of Christ literally; hence any insane person.

ON THE OTHER HAND —

By SIMEON STRUNSKY

Illustrated by HY MAYER

Rhapsody

Twenty minutes late and a record. Fifteen minutes in Subway, approximately two hundred feet north of Fifty-sixth Street, tight-wedged in slightly panicky matinee atmosphere when fuse blew out; two minutes from Fifty-ninth Street to Sixty-second, on the run and up two flights to balcony, puffing hard; three minutes from left centre aisle to G-10, past G-2, male, bald, totally deficient in manners; past G-4, feminine, slightly shrinking, in black, face lined with labor and timid kindness; past G-6, female, blonde, Irish, sturdy, good-natured, but infinitely awkward.

Drops programme as she rises to let one pass, and dives after it and changes her mind, drops muff, drops neckpiece which intertwines about wayfarer's legs, blushes, laughs, drops opera-glass, stands rigid at attention and I pass; past G-8, mere silhouette in the light of red exit lamps, supercilious and turquoise earrings; and so safe at last, twenty minutes late, in G-10, seventh row, first balcony of marble palace originally dedicated to still-born national drama; marble, bronze, dull gold, decorum everywhere except among the violins where giddy Louis Quinze tunes trip on the high strings and on the stage is old Nuremberg, dolls—Dresden china dolls, comic poets, peasants Dutch, Russian, Hungarian, comic Englishmen, all dolls, but so animated any Broadway leading woman might envy.

Heavy nasal snarls on 'cello and we brace and breathe a little hard, G-2, G-4, G-6, 8, 10, all taut and waiting—but no Pavlova. Instead, Spanish dancer and the dear old days of Calve—Carmen, mantilla, lustrous eyes, smouldering passion, curves, languorous appeals addressed to middle seat of third row orchestra stalls, which happens to be a woman; exit.

Giddy run on bells, fanfare, drums, every one taut and atingle—but no Pavlova. Instead Dutch maiden in flare cap and clogs, Dutch youth with traditional hands in traditional Dutch trouser-pockets, and clogs—the most elementary dancing step in the world this beat of wooden clogs on wooden floor, the primitive rhythm, evocative of clashing stick on stick in the jungle, war-drum, forest wooing, cannibalism, Joseph Conrad; exeunt Dutch maiden and youth. And now full swing of the orchestra into Beethoven unison, first balcony breathes as one, waits—no one; first balcony watches middle entrance from left wings, little shivers of expectation—no one. Sudden poignant shriek of first violin, wailing of violas, blue light on stage, night, romance, tragedy, flutter of programmes, handclapping fury, general moratorium of heart action, long sigh, ah — Pavlova!

Pavlova interprets. What? Amazing organ of expression the human toe! Pavlova, like thistle-down, traces hypothenuse across stage at fifteen miles an hour and it may mean the last outcry of despairing love; or sunrise in the Appenines; or vague aspirations of Slav soul for Constantinople and Suez Canal; or right of woman in twentieth century to live her own life; or last sorrows of Chopin. All this in Pavlova's toes, reinforced by arms, head, and upward flight of,

say, ten feet, exquisite lighter-than-air machine, propelled by Volinine.

Apparently Pavlova's toes can express everything but in condensed vocabulary, in shortfoot, if the phrase be permitted. How do my neighbors interpret, I wonder; how distinguish when Chopin and when Appenines, when self-surrender of love and when description of Night on the harbor of Odessa? I wonder at G-8, supercilious silhouette with turquoise earrings; what does *she* feel to sit there intent, with parted lips? G-8 obviously has no background of culture for taking in Chopin or sunrise in the Appenines; very likely does not know what Appenines are; occupation stenographer or forewoman in wrapping department; favorite poet Ella Wheeler Wilcox; favorite novelist McCutcheon; favorite actor Robert Edeson; favorite actress Mary Pickford; favorite perfume—strong; favorite expression, "What do you know about that?" And her heart is in Pavlova's toes!

And I? I know all about Appenines and never confuse them with Pyrenees; know all about Chopin and seldom confuse him with Liszt; know all about the history of the ballet; all about Leon Bakst, Max Reinhardt, Gordon Craig, music-drama, Turgenieff, Tolstoy, Brieux, Picasso, Eucken, Ellen Key, Francis Hackett, Shipping Bill, matriarchate, primitive marriage laws, which end of the Panama Canal is Colon and which is Panama, Wedekind, Synge, mothers' pensions, everything, and I cannot always tell what Pavlova interprets. Is it Chopin? Is it resignation? Is it the joy of O'Donovan's incomparable rubber heels, Pugsley's incomparable talcum powder, Juggins's non-skid tires? What do Pavlova's toes, arms, head, shoulders, eyes, say at any precise moment that G-8 leans forward in her seat with shining eyes and when I cough looks at me and does not see me? And Pavlova's orange wig?

Twenty minutes late, that's the pity. Plenty of time otherwise to buy a programme and find out when Pavlova, like thistle-down floating down the diagonal, spells sorrow and when passion. Left to

myself I guess at the wildest things, bacchic revel, Louis XIV, indignation at misuse of neutral flag over belligerent bottoms, love triumphant, love despairing, or mere variation on Czardas.

Extraordinary fascination checking up individual interpretation of Pavlova with official interpretation in programme; almost as certain of results as comparing what Boston Symphony means to *you* with what it means to Philip Hale. Pavlova, without programme, voices grace, voices life, voices confusion to Little Theatres and High Brows by mere elemental joy of beauty in motion; but is that enough? Without a programme, perhaps.





BERLIN REPORTS THAT ITS THEATRES ARE WIDE OPEN.
SINCE THE YOUNG MEN HAVE GONE TO WAR WE MAY SEE
ROMEO AND JULIET PLAYED WITH THIS KIND OF A ROMEO.



THE IMMIGRATION LITERACY TEST -
THE DESIRABLE AND THE UNDESIRABLE CITIZEN -

THE WAR GOD REVIEW

HYMAYEROGLYP

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ILLUSTRATING THE FACT THAT THIS COUNTRY COULD RAISE
A MILLION MEN IN ARMS BETWEEN SUNRISE AND SUNSET.



"WHAT A SMALL HEAD FOR SUCH A LARGE GIRL."

By HY MAYER

WAR GOD REVIEWS -

YEROGLYPHICS

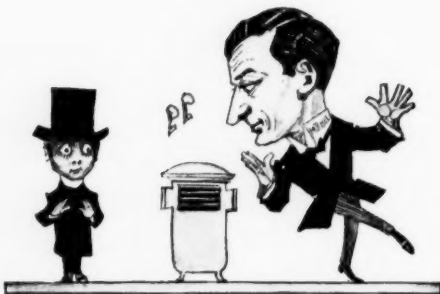


THE NEWS IN RIME

Verses by DANA BURNET

Illustrations by MERLE JOHNSON

The Mayor told the ministers
To trip the light fantastic;
He said 'twould loose their solemn joints
And make them more elastic.
The ladies bagged a brace of States
For suffrage and St. Emma;
The wheat supply
Is very spry,
And life's a deep dilemma.



If Kansas women tint their cheeks
For purpose of deceiving,
They may be fined for false pretense—
Which causes lots of grieving.
A "lazy husband" bill was passed
In gallant Indiana,
Which threatens jail
For gents who fail
To earn their daily manna.

A man attached a hive of bees
His debits to diminish—
He thought he had them cornered, but
They stung him in the finish.
'Tis said that sound may now be seen
With shock-absorbing glasses;
Our neutral act
Takes lots of tact,
And Greece made several passes.

New Jersey found a cannon ball
Which no one saw alighting—
We've always said it wasn't safe
To live so near the fighting.
Dime novels have gone out—and up,
They cost you now a dollar;
The Kaiser's fleet
Is causing heat
'Neath Uncle Sam's collar.

An oyster, charged with grievous germs,
Was happily acquitted;
A lady said she lost a pound
For every sock she knitted.
Straight sawdust has been found to be
An aid to indigestion;
King George said: "B'ys,
Economize!"
Superfluous suggestion!



The Universal Peace Parade
Had just one parson in it—
If we possessed a gilded badge
Upon his breast we'd pin it.
A Pittsburg firm refused to feed
Dame Europe's hungry rifle,
And yet they claim
That gold's our aim,
Which jars us—just a trifle.

R. Strauss, who toys with counterpoint,
Was ordered by the Kaiser
To write a German marching song,
Said Richard then: "Aye, aye, sir!"
A fist-fight marred the reign of love
In Sing Sing's pleasant towers;
A few fists flew
In Congress too,
Which helped to pass the hours.

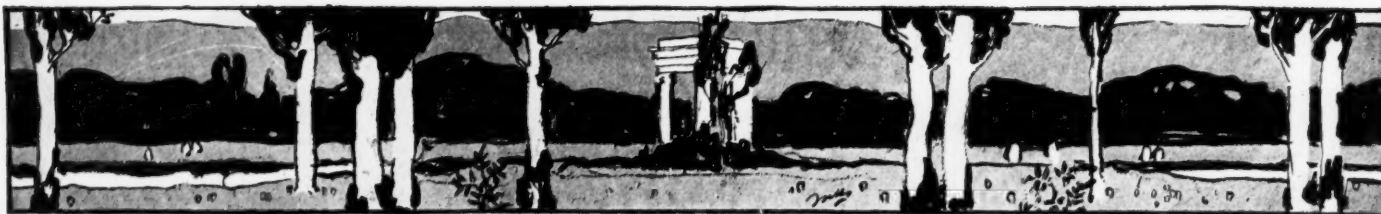




This magnificent color plate
is fully described on page 3

PAINTED BY F. MATANIA,
OF LONDON

DAWN AFTER THE MASQUERADE BALL



THE SEVEN ARTS

~ ~ BY JAMES HVNEKER ~ ~

Conflicting Tastes

If ever an axiom is much contradicted, it is that there is no disputing tastes. As if we didn't spend a part of our existence in battling with other people's prejudices. Note also that the other fellow is always "prejudiced" in favor of his own opinions, usually "stupid" or "narrow ones." Your judgments are, of course, well nigh infallible, and your special mission is to set your neighbor right. This conflict is perpetual. It makes life interesting. What more horrible vision can be imagined than everyone in agreement! When some bigot tells me that I musn't take a drink on Sundays, I amiably retort that the better the day the better the deed. Men have been known to kiss their lawful wives on a Sabbath afternoon instead of listening to some fanatical calamity-howler who preaches hell-fire and damnation to those who do not put money in his purse. Your true evangelist is a very lingo in his inverted advice to the fools who are easily parted from their coin. Even in matters of art I find no less intolerance. Because I like Henri Matisse I am told that I suffer from optical degeneration. The same was said to me when, years ago, I admired Manet and Monet. Men write books to prove your foolish and their own superior critical faculty. No disputing tastes? Why, from the time we rise till our going to bed, we dispute the taste of the world with which we come in contact. And that brings me to Clive Bell and his volume on "Art."

An Iconoclast

This compact little study attracted my attention because of several sentences dealing with a Dutch painter called Rembrandt. I always knew that William Blake abominated Rembrandt and Rubens. Their line wasn't "wiry" enough to suit the English mystic; and their opulent color—in the case of Rubens—and light and shade, were eye-sores to Blake. Mr. Bell thinks the same. He writes (pp. 172-3): "Rembrandt, indeed, perhaps the greatest genius of them all, is a typical ruin of his age. For, except in a few of his later works, his sense of form and design is utterly lost in a mess of rhetoric, romance and chiaroscuro. It is difficult to forgive the seventeenth century for what it made of Rembrandt's genius." I rubbed my eyes after reading this, but positively sat up when, elsewhere in the same book, I ran across this passage: "With Gothic architecture the descent began. Gothic architecture is juggling in stone and glass. It is the convoluted road that ends in a bridecake or a cucumber frame. A Gothic cathedral is a *tour de force*; it is also a melodrama." The author then proceeds to prove the superiority of Romanesque over Gothic. The book challenges our taste throughout. I read it, and discovered to my amazement that it was written to prove the following: there has been no great art in Europe since the Byzantine Primitives until Cezanne! That's a tall order. Not a painter, except a few in whom the linear predominates, is praised, though, strangely enough, the greatest master of line in the western world, Botticelli, is not idolized. Vermeer is, for which thanks! But the entire Renaissance seems to have been a mistake: Titian, Giorgione, Da Vinci, Michaelangelo, and even Velasquez. El Greco is praised, so Poussin and Claude, but the rest are nowhere. When we reach Paul Cezanne, we understand that the centuries have been groaning in travail, putting forth from time to time abortive artists, yet not arriving at the unique Master till the laborious man of Aix-in-Provence was born. How surprised that modest and—as I found him—morose man would be to read this. The theory does credit to Mr. Bell's notion of catholicity. Not that I deny Cezanne power and originality—he is the sign-post for the generation that succeeds him; but, after all, it argues an enormous prodigality on the part of nature to waste so much magnificent material throughout the ages to attain such a comparatively small result. We admire Cezanne, and Gauguin, and the unfortunate Dutchman, Vincent Van Gogh—who had a terrific painting temperament—but to put them on a pantheon superimposed on the historical pantheon is but another evidence that there is such a thing as disputing tastes. Mr. Bell declares that "significant form" is the secret of great art, and in the phrase he includes color and design, etc. There's nothing novel in this proposition. That great master of fiction, but incomparable blunderer in questions aesthetic, Count Lyof Tolstoy, wrote an absurd book, entitled, "What is Art?" in which he set forth the edifying platitude that art should communicate emotion and make men brethren! O sacred simplicity! Clive Bell wipes off the map of art all who do not

fit into his theory. And yet his book is interesting, written by a critic who has the history of his subject at his fingers' ends; only he lacks catholicity.

'Pon my word, after I had finished with his paradoxical ideas I took down from my shelf Kenyon Cox's latest book on art, and it was like drinking cooling water from a well undefiled. Not that I subscribe to Mr. Cox's prejudices. He too often proves that two and two are four; too often praises the obvious. Whereas, it is the critic who demonstrates that two and two make five who should be listened to. (John Stuart Mill and Ibsen enunciated this truth better than I.) Mr. Bell proves that two and two make one, and that is pure critical retrogression. I fear he has been listening too much to the seductive voice of Mr. Roger Fry, of Ireland, formerly of our Metropolitan Museum. The late connoisseur, William M. Laffan, once told me to talk to Mr. Fry about art, assuring me that he would "set me right." I went to the Museum and saw the "Botticelli" Mr. Fry had selected for its walls, and I knew then that to talk to this curator of painting would be jumping from the fire into the frying-pan. Some day Mr. Bell will tire of theorizing about "significant form," and go back to Bouguereau; at present he is heading for Picasso, and that way lie muddiness and confusion of spirit.

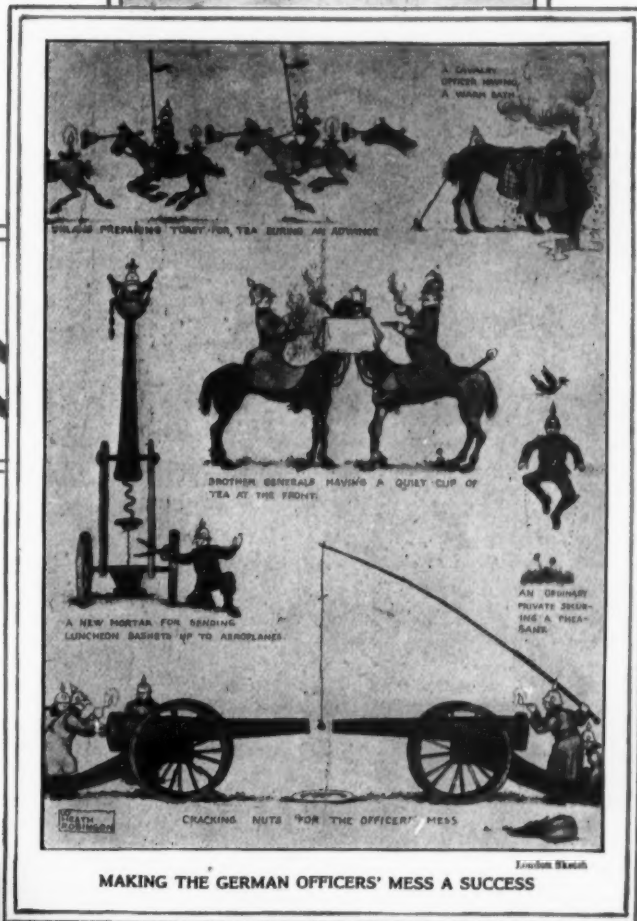
At the Durand-Ruel Galleries there is an *Mozart and Monet* exhibition of Claude Monet's paintings, bearing various dates, some as early as "La falaise" of 1879, down to the Venice (St. George) of 1908. In them is sunny simplicity, a Mozartean euphony that sings from every canvas. Monet is a lyricist. To-day his ideas of beauty, of plangent color, subtle arabesque, are as old-fashioned as Mozart; therefore will endure as long as Mozart. Thus far he has been the most successful practitioner of Impressionism. I once wrote that there is but one Impressionist—Monet. (Nietzsche said that the only Christian died on the cross.) Which is hardly true, yet near enough the truth to construct a fair working theory. At least, priority may be accredited him. A pupil of Boudin, he saw the Turners at the National Gallery, but went further. Indeed, it was Monet who gave the name—since so misused—to the entire movement, when, in 1874, he exhibited a little water-piece on the Boulevard des Capucines, which he called "Impression—Soleil levant." That title became a catchword—though usually employed in a derisive manner. Earlier Manet had resented the intrusion of a man with a name so like his, suspecting some mystification; but he succumbed to the influence of Monet. How his landscapes shimmer with the heat of summer; what an atmospheric envelope he contrived for his open-air subjects! Truly you may say of these pictures that "the dawn comes up like thunder." How his fogs, wet and clinging, seem to be the first real fogs that ever made misty a canvas. What hot July nights, with large few stars, has Monet not painted. His series of hayricks, cathedrals, the views on the Thames—infinity more impressionistic and poetical than Whistler's—are so many precious notations of contemporary actuality; they state facts in terms of exquisite prose; they resume an epoch. The London pictures show us an older man—not so vigorous, a vein of tenderness beginning to show instead of his youthful blazing optimism. Claude Monet must have had a happy life, leading the simple existence of a landscapist, a robust man daily painting in the fields or at the water edge; truly one of the few romantic professions in this prosaic time of politicians and screaming uplifters. Not so vain, so irritable as Edouard Manet and Whistler, the nerves of Monet never prompted him to extravagances. He was abused in the beginning, but not as violently as Manet, who was the self-constituted standard-bearer of the movement. But success finally perched on Monet's palette. His pictures never suggest any time but high-noon; at least, in spirit. Sincerity and beauty are in them—for we do not agree with those who see in Monet only an unemotional recorder of variations in tone. He can compose a background as well as any of his contemporaries—not caring for the massiveness and discolorations of Courbet, he is never as heavy-handed nor as opaque in color as Cezanne. And an important fact is overlooked when Monet is indiscriminately jumbled with his contemporaries—Monet knew how to draw before he handled pigment. Some landscape painters do not. Many impressionists trust to luck and their palette knife. Monet essayed many keys. His compositions are never monotonous because of mannerism. Just as we went mad a quarter

(Continued on page 17)



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London Opinion



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WOULD THEY PAY UP?

After landing a German army of 240,000 men, "with the proper complement of artillery, cavalry and engineers," somewhere on Long Island between Montauk Point and Coney Island, Gen. Francis Vinton Greene thus conducts them across the East River:

".....once in Manhattan, discreet officers would at once be sent to find John D. Rockefeller, Andrew Carnegie, J. P. Morgan, George F. Baker, Jacob H. Schiff, Frank A. Vanderlip, W. K. Vanderbilt, Henry C. Frick, Vincent Astor and Harry Payne Whitney; or if these men were no longer living, they would seek those who at the time of the invasion would occupy the commanding position in the world of affairs which these gentlemen now fill. These ten men would be taken in military automobiles to the headquarters of the commanding General, and there placed in close confinement until they signed a bond, conditioned upon the payment, either by the City of New York or by the United States, or by both, of an indemnity of not less than \$5,000,000,000; say about twice the cost of our civil war, exclusive of pensions. Would they sign it? Most assuredly they would. They are all astute men of affairs, and it would be bad business to do anything else."

Seven months ago this would have produced a nation-wide guffaw. To-day it is accorded thoughtful consideration; it is precisely what has happened in Belgium. When the world woke up and rubbed its eyes last August at the sudden realization that international treaties aren't worth the ink with which they are signed; that rich men can be held for ransom in the Twentieth Century and poor men have their homes burned over their heads; that piracy can exist on a scale never even dreamed of in the Dark Ages—when these things come to pass it is high time that law-abiding nations bestirred themselves.

The United States has no adequate defense against pillage today—for war as it is being waged in Europe is little better than outlawry. PUCK has proposed a plan for a University Reserve; are there any more tangible plans of defense before the house?

BREAKING INTO THE MOVIES

Explaining "Why I Have Gone Into Moving Pictures," William A. Brady, one of Broadway's most successful managers, says:

"I went into the moving-picture business because I could not sit back and be still while almost every other theatrical man of importance was getting into the game. I had to take advantage of everything that came my way. You will understand this when I tell you that last year I had thirty companies on the road, while this year I have only six—not one of them making any money worth while."

A great many theatrical managers are explaining why they went into the "movies." Strangely enough, none of them seems to connect his entrance into a new field of activity with the fact that you can usually get a ticket to the "movies" at the box-office; that you are not referred to a curbside merchant when you want to sit further front than the last row, and that thus far motion picture seats are not on sale at the fashionable hotel stands. These three advantages have done wonders for the "movies."

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EXPLANATION

ICHABOD: Father, why do the Chinese believe in ancestor worship?

FATHER: I presume, my son, because they have no family photograph albums.

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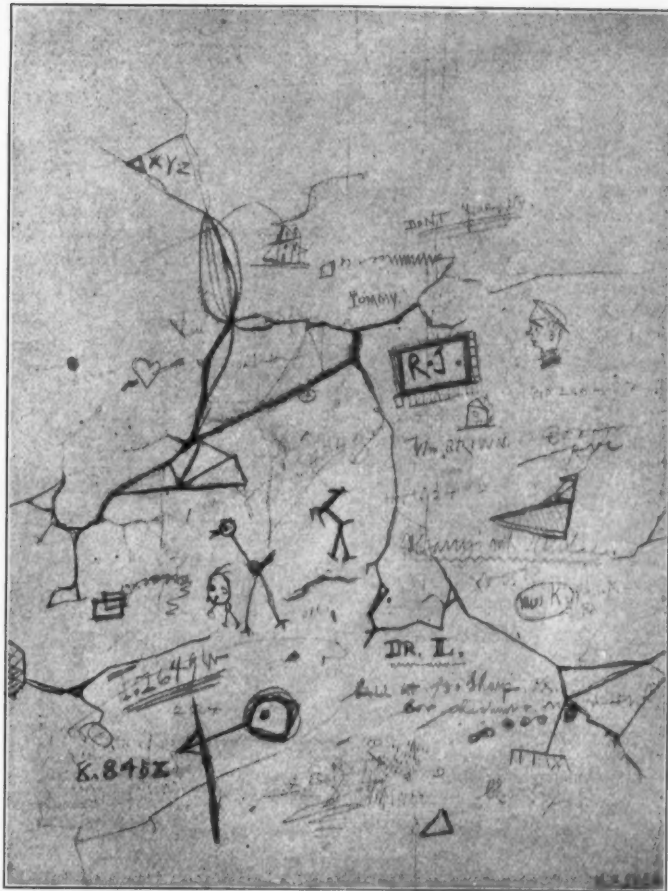
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CRYPTIC

This is not a war-map; nor is it an Egyptian inscription; it is merely the usual markings found on the wall of a telephone booth.

THE SEVEN ARTS

(Continued from page 14)

of a century ago over the juxtaposition of tones, so to-day we are exaggerating the importance of form. We are become cubic. Not form, or its suggestion, but the bare bones of a skeleton. Not a human, but its pelvis. Not a face, but the skull. Back to Monet, I say, and back to Mozart. They will dulcify the soul, which is beginning to creak on its rusty hinges from too much dry theory. Give us more fat. Claude Monet is the greatest landscape and marine painter of the second half of the last century. (I won't say of the twentieth century till 1999, and then I'll tell you—for PUCK is eternally young!) If you don't believe it, go to Durand-Ruel's, and give your eyes, blistered by vile paint and angular outlines, a feast.

Ernest Lawson At the Daniel Gallery, on West 47th Street, there is an exhibition of Ernest Lawson's landscapes. Mr. Lawson needs no introductory trumpets. He is arrived. In the beginning a follower of Monet, he has developed not only an individual technique but an individual vision. And he has patiently painted the outskirts of our city; he discovered the Harlem river, pictorially speaking; he saw possibilities of cityscapes in the Bronx; and to the New York scene he brought iridescent palette that fairly dripped richness, and a feeling for the picturesque never banal. To-day, a dozen of his works, some dating back a few years, others of yesterday, show the increasing mastery of Lawson in his material as well as spiritual means. All art is the victory of temperament over technique, and the Lawson palette to-day, tonally as sumptuous as ever, is more sensitive. The Metropolitan Museum has bought one of the wintry canvases in this group—a masterpiece. No living painter is the superior of Ernest Lawson in poetic vision allied to an intellectual mastery of actuality. Next to Monet I'd rather own a Lawson than any other modern, and that's high praise, according to my taste. Again—tastes differ; and you can always dispute taste (which is mediocre when your friend doesn't happen to agree with yours).

THE VERY PERSON

FATHER: Politics are too complex for you, my dear. It would take all night to explain the ballot to you.
DAUGHTER: All right. I'll have George do it the next time he calls.

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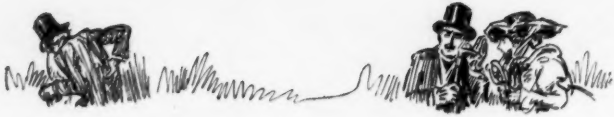
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THE DECADENCE OF CAPSTICK

(Continued from page 6)

"Very well. On the third day of the war, coming home in the train, two women attacked me. Mind you, the thing was crowded. They asked me if I was a German. 'No,' I replied, with heat. 'I'm an Englishman!' 'Then why aren't you fighting,' they demanded, 'a strong, young fellow like you?'"

"What could I say? Could I blurt out that I was forty-two? They simply wouldn't have believed me."

"Neither should I—a month ago."

"Exactly. Two days after that, a horrible young woman stopped me in the Strand, and handed me a white feather. A crowd of urchins followed me all the way to Charing Cross calling out: 'Garn! Funk! 'Oo's afeared of the Germings!' That settled it. It had to go."

"What had to go?"

He touched his bald forehead.

"But I never knew you wore one."

"Nobody knew—except my wife. That's how it happened, you know. We were sitting out at the Ancient Foresters' Ball, and it slipped."

"And you sealed her lips?"

"Effectually. Mind you, it was all for the best. I could never have told a woman, and one couldn't propose without preparing her. You understand?"

"Perfectly." Poor little Miss Nipchin; there's many a slip— But you have to be on the spot at the right moment.

"Well, as I was saying, it had to go. But I forgot that I looked as young as ever with my hat on. Near St. Paul's one day, a recruiting-sergeant had the impertinence to accost me. I swore at him. He retorted that I was letting the other youngsters fight for me. A crowd collected."

"Why didn't you remove your hat?"

"I did, but one can't go everywhere without a hat in this weather. Besides, I miss 'it.' I should catch a frightful cold. So there was nothing for it but these."

He tapped his lips. I nodded, sympathetically. I was beginning to realize, in dead earnest, the horrors of war.

"At any rate," I said, "people don't worry you any more?"

"Oh, yes, they do. When I see them coming, I take off my hat. If that doesn't check them, I grin. I tell you, my friend, it's an awful thing, in time of war, to look twenty-eight when you're really forty-two."

A month passed by. At the end of that time, the age limit was raised from thirty-five to thirty-eight. A week later, I met little Miss Nipchin coming out of the Ladies' Broth and Boot Guild for Belgian Refugees.

"Oh," she cried, "I've been so wanting to see you! That poor man!"

"What's happened to him now? Has he lost a leg or an eye?"

"Worse than that! He's growing a beard, and it's coming gray!"

A Sherbet is made tasty and delightful by using Abbott's Bitters. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

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Senator Beveridge floundered through the outer German trenches near Lille, France, with mud slushing about his legs, and with the hostile trenches not 100 yards away. He vividly describes his experiences and adventures in Collier's for March 13th.

"In the German Trenches" describes that mysterious region, the front, which so few correspondents have succeeded in reaching.

If you want a real thrill read Senator Beveridge's article in the March 13th issue of

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Why Take Less Than Your Full Share of Life and Pleasure? Are you living a full and successful life? Why not always be at your best?—thoroughly well, virile, energetic. Why not invest in yourself and make the most of your every opportunity? It is easy when you know how. The Swoboda System points the way. It requires no drugs, no appliances, no dieting, no study, no loss of time, no special bathing; there is nothing to worry you. It gives ideal mental and physical conditions without inconvenience or trouble.

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I am a believer in energy. Energetic people are fruitful people. They are the people who produce art, literature, health, and wealth, in a million forms. They create farms, factories, mines, banks, parks, schools and buildings that scrape the sky. They produce the industries of the world; they have inspiration, intuition, sense, judgment, ambition, initiative, the will to do, and the compelling qualities; they are the ruling people. I offer you a chance to be one of them.



Pupils are men and women, ranging in age from 14 to 92

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CONSCIOUS EVOLUTION does not ask you to give up doing the things you enjoy and to do those you dislike. On the contrary, it increases your power to do the things you like without reactions of an undesirable character.

WHAT OTHERS HAVE TO SAY

"One year ago I was an old man at forty; today I am a youth at forty-one."

"I must state that the principle of your system is the most scientific, and at the same time the simplest, I have ever heard. You do not misrepresent one single word in your advertising."

"Just think of it, five weeks ago I was ashamed of my physique; today I am almost proud of it. I am delighted with Conscious Evolution."

"Fourteen years ago at the age of 68 I was an old man; today at the age of 82 I am the marvel of my friends; I am younger than most men at 40. Your system gave me a new lease on life."

"Doctors told me I had hardening of the arteries and high blood pressure. They advised me

against exercise. Conscious evolution reduced my blood pressure and made a new man of me."

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"Can't describe the satisfaction I feel."

"Worth more than a thousand dollars to me in increased mental and physical capacity."

"I have been enabled by your system to do work of mental character previously impossible for me."

"I was very skeptical, now am pleased with results; have gained 17 pounds."

"The very first lessons began to work magic. In my gratitude I am telling my croaking and complaining friends, 'Try Swoboda.'"

"Words cannot explain the new life it imparts both to body and brain."

"It reduced my weight 20 pounds, increased my chest expansion 5 inches, reduced my waist 6 inches."

"I cannot recommend your system too highly, and without flattery believe that its propagation has been of great benefit to the health of the country."

"My reserve force makes me feel that nothing is impossible; my capacity both physically and mentally is increasing daily."

"I have heard your system highly recommended for years, but I did not realize the effectiveness of it until I tried it. I am glad indeed that I am now taking it."

"Your system developed me most wonderfully."

"I think your system is wonderful. I thought I was in the best of physical health before I wrote for your course, but I can now note the greatest improvement even in this short time. I cannot recommend your system too highly. Do not hesitate to refer to me."

"You know more about the human body than any man with whom I have ever come in contact, personally or otherwise."

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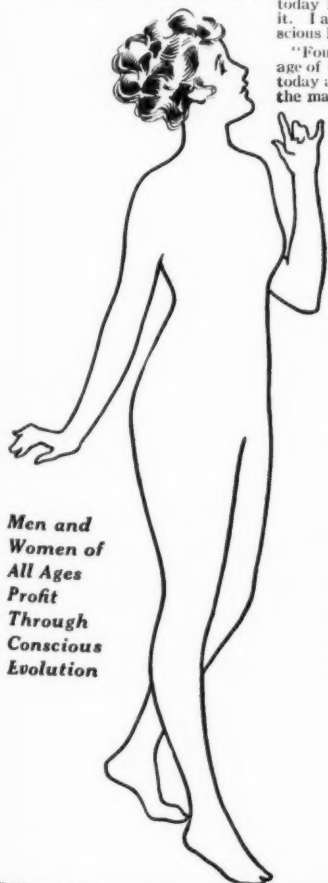
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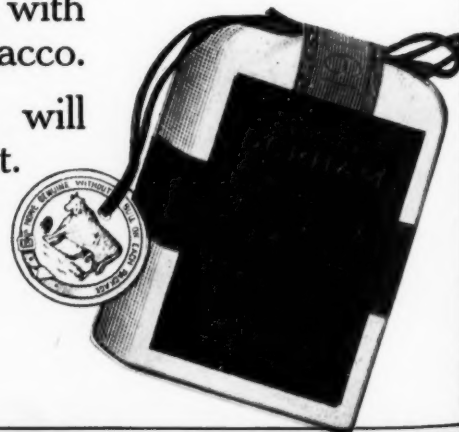
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